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By torture strung my troyth was tried,
Yet of my libertie denied.

"1581—Thomas Maigh"

"1585—Thomas Bawdewin—Juli.

"As virtue maketh life,
So sin causeth death."

(A pair of scales.)

Not the least interesting of these marks is the name IANE, (fig. 6), without any ornament in addition: this is supposed to have been cut by the husband of Lady Jane Grey during his imprisonment. The beautifully designed and well executed sculpture (fig. 3), is the work of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, eldest son of John Dudley, the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, and brother to Lord Guilford who was executed.

It will be seen, by a reference to the engraving, that the shield containing the lion, bear, and ragged staff is surrounded by a border composed of oak sprigs and acorns, honeysuckles, and another plant which we have not been able to find a name for. The inscription is as follows:—

"Yow that these beast do wh. behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders eke wherein
From brothers names who list to search the ground."

The unfinished line may be filled up with the words "there may be found."

Mr. Balley, in his history of the Tower, says, "The names of the four brothers were Ambrose, Robert, Guilford, and Henry; and taking it for granted that the pun, which is evidently couched under the above lines, has an allusion to them, we may conjecture that the roses, separated in one corner, are meant for the name of Ambrose, his next eldest brother; the elucidation of the remaining part of this singular device may be left as an interesting puzzle."

We would suggest that the acorns may possibly have been intended for the first letter of Ambrose's name; the roses for the R in Robert; the honeysuckle for the H in Henry; and perhaps some ingenious reader will enable us to apply the remaining flowers to the G in Guilford.

Another inscription (fig. 7) is the following:—

"Verbum Domini manet,
1568.
John Prine."

The date, as well as the words of this inscription, renders it highly probable that the person who made it was some priest of the Roman Catholic communion.

The words, "Saro Fideli. Ingram Percy" (fig. 7), were written by the third son of Henry V., Earl of Northumberland. There is every reason to believe that he was implicated in the northern rebellion, for which his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed, with several others, in the month of June, 1532. He appears to have been pardoned, and to have died about the latter end of the following year.

The inscription "A. F. Page" (fig. 1), relates to Francis Page, who, after studying the municipal laws in England, went abroad, and being ordained priest, returned as a missionary into his own country. He resided for the most part with Mrs. Anne Line, a widow gentlewoman; and being at last seized, he was condemned to die, and was executed at Tyburn in the year 1601. Mrs. Line was also persecuted and suffered death for entertaining him.

The name of Peveril is met with in several parts of the prison; one in connexion with sculptures of a cross and shield of arms, on which are three wheat-sheaves, the armorial bearings of the Peverils of Derbyshire (fig. 2); again at the bottom of a partly defaced Latin inscription, cut round a border of a horse-shoe shape (fig. 8); and also at the bottom of the inscription (fig. 1). The history of this prisoner is not known; but it is no doubt owing to the sight of these inscriptions that we are indebted for the suggestion of the novel of "Peveril of the Peak." The scene in another part of the Tower, described in the "Fortunes of Nigel," has also been evidently studied on the spot.

The inscriptions are so numerous, that it is difficult to select from them; here is, however, one we cannot pass over—

"He whom this place will not mend,
Was bad before and worse will end."

Above the fire-place is an inscription by the Duke of Norfolk, who aspired to the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots. Scattered here and there are the names of several eminent nonconformists (fig. 4), who suffered at Tyburn and elsewhere, amongst them Dr. Cook.

Elsewhere we meet with the record, "1576, Thomas Fooll."

Below this is a rude piece of sculpture by Thomas Willyngar, without date, which consists of a bleeding heart with the letters T. W., the initials of his own name, on the one side, and P. A., most likely those of his mistress, on the other. There is also a figure of Death holding a dart in the left hand, and an hour-glass in the right; and on the opposite side of the bleeding heart are the words "Thomas Willyngar, goldsmith."

"My hart is yours tel dethe."

Passing over several inscriptions of little interest, we come to the following inscription:—

"Thomas Roper,
1570.

Per passage penable passions a part plaisant."

This person was, probably, a descendant of the Ropers in Kent, one of whom married Margaret, the accomplished daughter of Sir Thomas More.

Our space obliges us to refrain from noticing other inscriptions of much interest; we cannot, however, pass over, without a few words, that of Thomas Abell (fig. 5), who, on the authority of Dodd, was educated at Oxford, where he completed his degrees in arts in the year 1516, and, proceeding in divinity, became a doctor of that faculty. He was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. These qualifications introduced him at court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII., and had the honour of serving her majesty in the capacity above-mentioned. When the validity of the marriage between Henry and Catherine became a question, the affection which Dr. Abell bore towards his mistress led him into the controversies to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving in to the delusions of Elizabeth Barton, called the Holy Maid of Kent, he incurred a misprision, and afterwards was condemned and executed in Smithfield, July 30, 1540, together with Dr. Edward Powell and Dr. Richard Featherstone, for denying the king's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be good.

HAMBURG.

In about fifty hours after leaving the Custom House, supposing you go from London by one of the mail steamers, you may find yourself in Hamburg, one of the busiest of continental towns. Two things will at once convince you that you are in a foreign land—the unaccountable absence of docks, and the style of the houses, which are old-fashioned, and full of windows. The part of the town through which a stranger is first conducted leaves anything but a favourable impression. You wind your way along streets narrow and dark, with, in winter, a channel in their centre for every kind of abomination, and across canals full of stagnant impurities, and, of necessity, pregnant with disease. In a little time, however, the part of the town rebuilt since the fire is reached, and the scene is completely changed. Long rows of lofty, handsome, white brick or stucco houses, with an external cleanliness we look for in vain in the smoke and fog of London, present a really commanding appearance. In taste and splendour—indeed, in everything but size—the shops in the Nieu Wall may challenge a comparison with those of Regent-street itself. On the Jungferstien, where the beauty and fashion of Hamburg delight to congregate, some really princely hotels are to be

found. There, on a summer evening, one may wile away many a delicious hour listening to the music that bursts forth from many a gay and glittering pavilion, or that floats across the Alster, a magnificent piece of water in the centre of the town, as a crew of light hearts, with pleasure at the helm, give themselves up to the balmy influence of the hour. Does the traveller wish for refreshment. Let him then enter the Alster pavilion, by which in imagination we have placed him. There he will find the best of everything, whether it be a glass of liqueur or a cup of coffee, a slice of that German delicacy, raw ham, or a plate of confectionary, served up by pleasant, good-looking Swiss waiters with green aprons, with a promptness and civility that would not disgrace Jeames himself. There also he will find that which is so much needed in England, the wife and sister joining in the relaxations of their male companions, drinking coffee and eating sweetmeats, and by their presence giving a tone and character to the rougher sex ever to be desired. It were well if the same mixing of the sexes in their amusements and leisure hours were to be found at home.

But our coffee is drunk and our sweetmeats are eaten. We have seen nearly all the town, but not its glory and its pride. With the exception of a magnificent Exchange and the Johanneum Library, in which Luther's Bible is to be seen, Hamburg has but little to boast of in the way of public buildings; but she has that which is better than lofty domes and Corinthian columns—she has that which is more intimately connected with the people's weal and the glory of the state. In 1814, when the English mind was as yet ignorant of sanatory reform—long before Charles James Thackeray had demonstrated, to the ineffable delight of a black-draught-drinking and blue-pill-devouring generation, that every trade was a short cut from this world to the next—when Dr. Southwood Smith had but just been breeched, and Mr. Chadwick could not write his own name in a decent manner, and much less a report—at that very time the Hamburg people threw down the fortifications by which their town had been defended, and turned them into pleasure walks, which in the summer are a favourite resort amongst all classes of citizens; and well may they be so, for not many towns have such delightful promenades—in but few towns are the inhabitants thus wooed to the enjoyment of the means of health.

We have thus gone through the town. We can then go through Altona to Blankenese, a distance of about ten miles, passing the village of Ottensen, memorable because there sleeps, till the resurrection morn, Klopstock, the father of German song. Our way lies along a road lined with villas, which, in the summer time especially, have a very inviting appearance; and every now and then we shall have a romantic view of the Elbe, with its merchant ships and steam-vessels at our feet, and the low ground of Hanover stretching far away till it is lost in the horizon. Altona belongs to Denmark, but its merchants trade on the Hamburg exchange. It may be considered as the Wapping of its more powerful and richer neighbour; yet part of the town contains a street, the Pall Mall as it is called, which is much grander and prettier than Portland-place. Every reader of Campbell knows his verses to the far-famed Jewish maid of Altona; and there may yet be seen maidens with soft dark eyes and raven hair, whose charms a poet might love to sing. Of the Hamburg fair, we regret to write that we cannot speak of them in the terms we should wish to employ. There are beautiful women occasionally to be seen, but most of them are foreigners—of these, many are English—though the frozen north and the glowing south each contribute their share. The Hamburg Germans are, certainly, not a fine race; neither their stature nor their physiognomy strikes the stranger favourably. The men walk well; they are all drilled. Not a shoemaker or scavenger lives in the town but he has "followed to the field his warlike lord." One thing the stranger notices at once is the immense number of deformed people that are met with in the streets. With an impudence really amusing, they describe these wretched objects as afflicted with *Englischen Krankheit*, or English disease; nevertheless, the streets have a

very lively appearance. The population of the town, we believe, is nearly 200,000. The trade, of which the principal is in our hands, amounts to about £20,000,000 a year. Hamburg is the great depôt of commerce for the north of Europe. It is the highway for travellers as well, so that we may readily imagine there are always large numbers of people from different countries arriving and departing—all which creates variety and animation. Then, again, the mechanics and the peasants yet retain peculiar dresses, and some of them exceedingly picturesque, as the mark of their respective conditions. For instance, the maid servant walks out with no bonnet, and carries under her arm a basket covered by a gay shawl, whether she has any need for it or not. The *vielerländerin*, with her breast sparkling with red and gold, often has a gayer appearance than the flowers she exposes for sale. The signs painted over the doors of the shops—the variety of costumes—the old houses and narrow ways—show that, notwithstanding the excitement of commerce, the spirit of the past still lingers in the streets of Hamburg. Society in Hamburg is much like society elsewhere. There is the same amount of scandal and gossip. Perhaps the young lady is more watched than in England; you can only manage to have a word with your charmer at the ball, and in walking the streets it is a breach of good manners to offer her your arm. Such a step is only permitted to those who have the happiness to be betrothed. The citizens rise early, and take a cup of coffee, which lasts them till twelve, when a substantial breakfast fortifies the stomach against the advances of hunger. The morning is chiefly spent in the comptoir. At one, every one flocks to the Bourse, which then presents a very animated scene. In consequence of the negotiations there effected, the wools of Silesia and Breslau find their way into the warehouses of Leeds and Bradford. Hamburg is a commercial city, not a literary one. There are in it but few literary men; of the latter, Dr. Lappenburg is the most widely known to English readers. But to Hamburg, merchants, not students, mostly resort. The men who live there are generally more intent on dollars than degrees. There is a good library at the Johanneum, and a very respectable commercial one at the Change, to either of which admissions can be procured with little difficulty. But you may seek long in Hamburg ere you will find men who believe that learning is better than houses or lands. This, however, is no peculiarity; since the draper at York became the Railway King, we fear this class in England has become extinct.

The most memorable event in the history of Hamburg, was the fire, which broke out in a narrow street called the Deich Strasse, on the 5th of May, 1842, and which continued till the midday of Sunday, May 8th, leaving a space of ground nearly a mile in length, and in one part half a mile wide, covered with smouldering ruins. The number of streets and places totally destroyed was forty-eight, comprising two thousand houses, or one-fifth of the total number of houses in that city. Thirty thousand persons were rendered houseless. The number of persons who died during the fire we have seen estimated at fifty. The total loss was about six or seven millions sterling. Though public order was suspended, little excess was committed by the mob. When three English engineers undertook to stop the progress of the fire by blowing up a few houses with gunpowder, some ignorant men spread a report that the English had set fire to the town, and they were ill-treated in consequence. Some robberies also were committed, but the fire did good. It created a handsome town where before there was nothing but old houses and narrow streets. It also taught the citizens such a salutary lesson, that no town in the world can rival it for the perfection of its arrangements in case of fire.

In 1815, Hamburg joined the German confederation as a free Hanseatic city. It is ruled by a senate of its own. Its national religion is Lutheran, but the English are permitted to have a church and chapel of their own. Its charitable institutions are on a princely scale: its Orphan Home is famed all over Europe.*

* An account of this institution may be found in vol. i. p. 38.